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HARLOW CRANE WAS A MAN WHO LIVED WITHOUT RULES... HE LIVED BY A LAW UNTO HIMSELF, UNTIL HE LEARNED THERE IS NO PLACE ON EARTH OR ELSEWHERE, FOR A...

MAN ALONE



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November-December, 1957

HARLOW'S PLAN WORKED TO PERFECTION... AFTER THE ROBBERY HE BOARDED A PLANE BOUND FOR PANAMA...

STEWARDESS,
HOW MUCH LONGER
TO PANAMA CITY?

WE'RE OVER THE JUNGLE,
NOW...AND IF THE STORM
DOES NOT DELAY US, WE'LL
BE IN PANAMA AROUND FIVE...



WOULD YOU LIKE
LIKE ME TO PUT
THAT IN THE
BAGGAGE RACK?

I SHOULD SAY NOT!
THIS IS VALUABLE--
BUSINESS PAPERS, YOU
KNOW...NOBODY TOUCHES
IT EXCEPT ME.



WE HAVE TO GET IN
ON TIME...I'M CHANGING
PLANES FOR ECUADOR
AND WOULDN'T WANT TO
MISS MY CONNECTION.

OH, WE'LL
MAKE IT, I'M
SURE. BUT THESE
TROPICAL STORMS
CAN GET PRETTY
BAD.

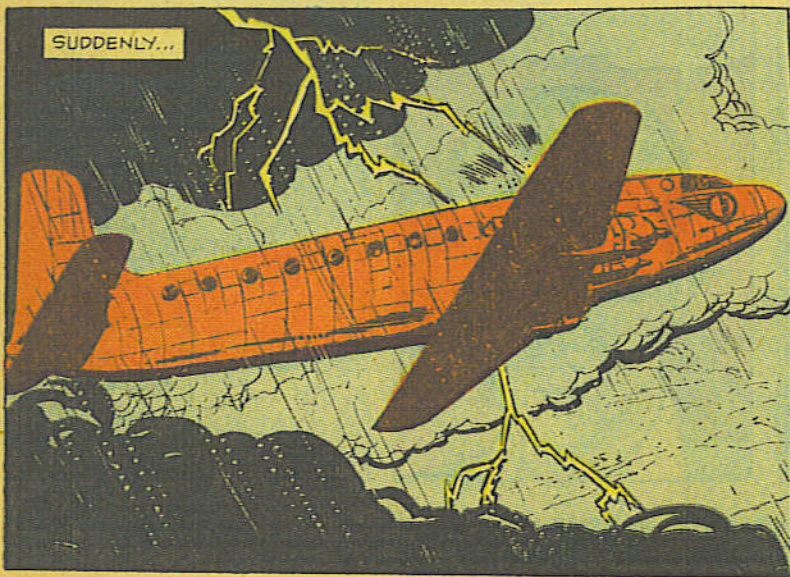


VERY WELL, SIR.
I WAS ONLY TRYING
TO HELP.

I DON'T NEED
ANY HELP!



SUDDENLY...



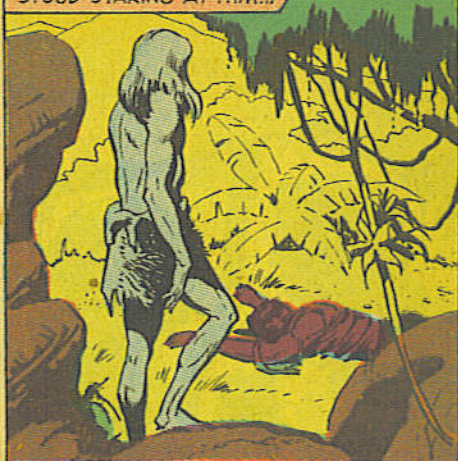
DOWN, DOWN, DOWN PLUMMETED
THE STRICKEN PLANE...DIVING
TOWARD THE STORM-TOSSED JUNGLE!



ONLY HARLOW CRANE SURVIVED THE CRASH...AND HE WAS ALONE IN THE DENSE, TANGLED JUNGLE...



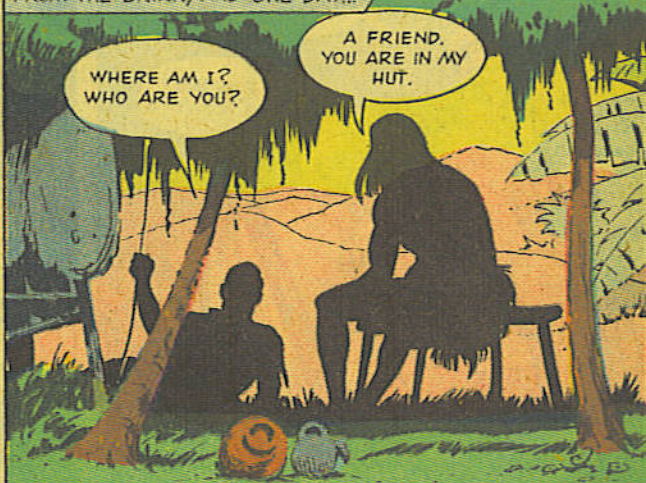
HE STUMBLED THROUGH THE MATTED TRAILS FOR HOURS UNTIL HE COLLAPSED...AND AS HE FELL, A SHADY FIGURE STEPPED FROM THE TWISTED UNDERBRUSH AND STOOD STARING AT HIM...



FOR THIRTY YEARS I'VE LIVED HERE, ALONE... HIDDEN FROM THE WORLD. I COULD GO AWAY, BUT THIS MAN NEEDS MY HELP AND I CAN NOT DENY IT TO HIM.



FOR DAYS, HARLOW HOVERED BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH...BUT THE JUNGLE MAN'S CAREFUL NURSING BROUGHT HIM BACK FROM THE BRINK, AND ONE DAY...



WHERE AM I?
WHO ARE YOU?

A FRIEND.
YOU ARE IN MY HUT.

THE BRIEFCASE!

EASY...TAKE IT EASY. I HAVE IT-- THE BRIEFCASE AND EVERYTHING IN IT IS SAFE...



OH, YOU KNOW WHAT'S IN THE BRIEFCASE?

YES. MONEY. IT WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD HERE, THOUGH.



WHAT? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

YOU'RE IN THE HEART OF THE PANAMANIAN JUNGLE. THE ONLY TRAIL OUT RUNS THROUGH A QUICKSAND AND SWAMP. I KNOW THE TRAIL. YOU CAN'T GET OUT UNLESS I SHOW YOU HOW.







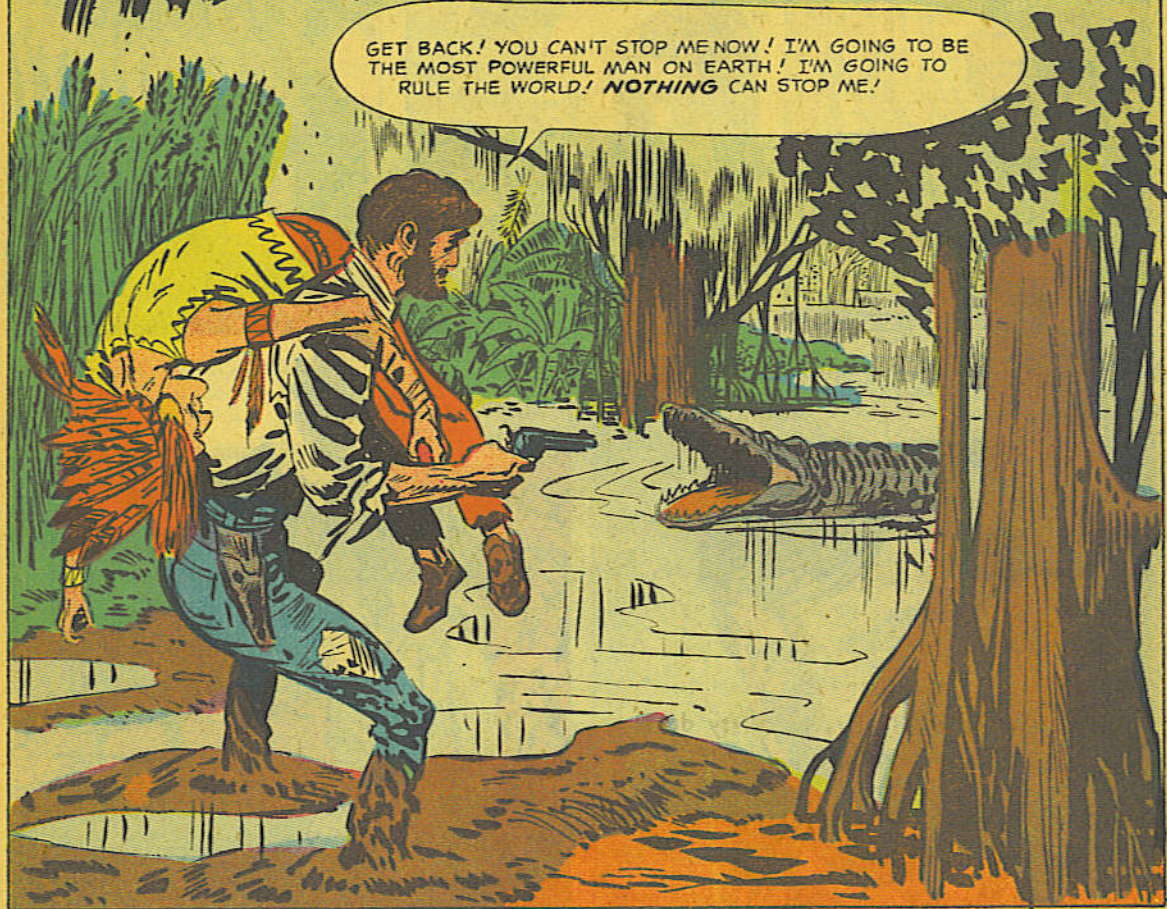
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THE SWAMP WAS AN IMPLACABLE FOE. BUT WHAT MARCH SOUGHT WAS WORTH ANY SACRIFICE. THE WORLD WAS HIS IF ONLY HE COULD FIND...

THE IMMORTAL

GET BACK! YOU CAN'T STOP ME NOW! I'M GOING TO BE THE MOST POWERFUL MAN ON EARTH! I'M GOING TO RULE THE WORLD! **NOTHING** CAN STOP ME!



THE BEGINNING WAS NOT REALLY THE BEGINNING. THE STORY HAD BEGUN WEEKS AGO. BUT SINCE THEN THERE HAD BEEN A NIGHTMARE.

MARCH, IT- IT'S NO USE. I CAN'T GO ON. WE-WE'LL HAVE TO TURN BACK.

TURN BACK? I'M GOING ON - YOU CAN COME WITH ME - OR YOU CAN STAY HERE.



NO! MARCH, YOU- WOULDN'T LEAVE ME! THE EVERGLADES ARE DEADLY! I'D NEVER MAKE IT BACK!

WHAT DO YOU MATTER TO ME? ONLY ONE THING MATTERS TO ME! TO FIND WHAT I CAME AFTER!



IF THIS IS
SOME TRICK,
IF YOU LIED
TO ME...

NO! I DIDN'T LIE!
IT'S TRUE! THERE'S
A MAN SOMEWHERE
IN THE SWAMP WHO
KNOWS THE SECRET
OF ETERNAL LIFE. A
SEMINOLE INDIAN!



I MET HIM YEARS AGO, WHEN I WAS
HERE WITH A SCIENTIFIC GROUP! HE
LIVES ALONE WITH HIS BROTHER. HE
IS OLD, BUT HE CAN'T DIE!

THEN--
I'M GOING TO FIND HIM!
MAYBE YOU DIDN'T HAVE
NERVE ENOUGH TO
WRING THE SECRET
OUT OF HIM, BUT
I HAVE!



ETERNAL LIFE! IF I COULD
LIVE FOREVER, I COULD
DO ANYTHING! I COULD
TAKE OVER THE WORLD!
I COULD BE A
DICTATOR...

BUT ONLY
IF YOU FIND
THEM! MARCH,
HELP ME! TAKE
ME BACK TO
CIVILIZATION!
WHEN I HAVE MY
STRENGTH BACK
I'LL COME WITH
YOU AGAIN.



YOU? YOU'RE A WEAKLING! WHY SHOULD I WORRY
ABOUT YOU? THIS WAY I WON'T HAVE TO SHARE THE
THE SECRET--WITH ANYONE.



SO LONG, PETERS. I'LL
THINK OF YOU NOW AND
THEN--IN THE CENTURIES
THAT LIE AHEAD OF ME.

NO...NO! MARCH!
COME BACK! DON'T
LEAVE ME! PLEASE!

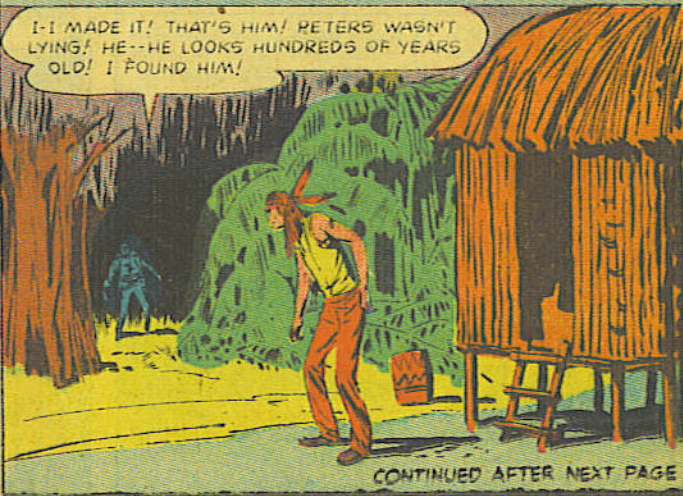


ONLY THE BIRDS AND THE CREEPING
THINGS OF THE SWAMP HEARD THAT A MAN
PLEADED. BUT WHAT WAS THAT TO MARCH?



MARCH FOUGHT HIS WAY THROUGH A NIGHTMARE AND DREAMED
HIS DREAMS. AND THEN, SUDDENLY, IT HAPPENED. SUDDENLY HE
HAD FOUND WHAT HE SOUGHT...

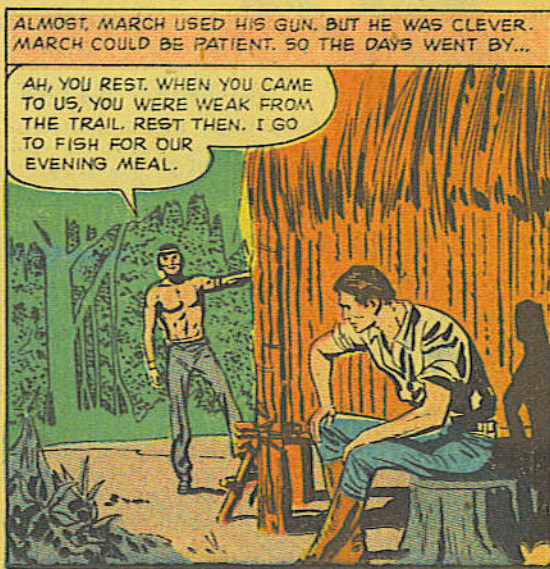
I-I MADE IT! THAT'S HIM! PETERS WASN'T
LYING! HE--HE LOOKS HUNDREDS OF YEARS
OLD! I FOUND HIM!



CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE



MARCH'S DREAM WAS SO NEAR! BUT THE OLD EYES LOOKED AT HIM BLANKLY. THE OLD LIPS QUIVERED, BUT SAID NOTHING.



MARCH WAITED, AND PLANNED...

IT'S NOT FAIR! IF I COULD ONLY MAKE HIM TALK! BUT I CAN'T! HE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND! THERE'S NO WAY TO GET THE SECRET...



OR--IS THERE? IF HE COULD BE STUDIED, ANALYZED...THAT'S IT! HE DOESN'T HAVE TO TALK! SCIENCE CAN FIND THE ANSWER! BY TESTING...



WHAT WERE HONOR AND DECENCY TO MARCH BUT WORDS? IN AN HOUR, HE WAS READY. AND THE OLD MAN WAS DOCILE, OBEDIENT...

KEEP GOING, OLD MAN!

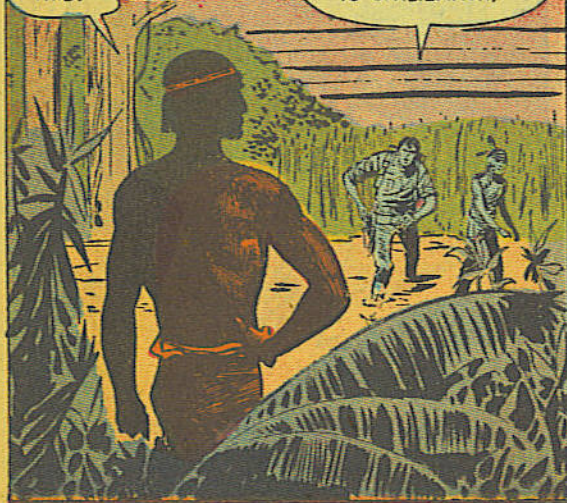


BY THE TIME YOUR BROTHER GETS BACK, WE'LL BE MILES AWAY! HE'LL NEVER FIND US...



SO--I WAS RIGHT. I KNEW YOU WOULD ATTEMPT THIS.

YOU! STAND ASIDE! I'M TAKING HIM BACK TO CIVILIZATION!



I WARN YOU...

THERE IS NO NEED FOR WARNINGS. I HAVE THOUGHT LONG. PERHAPS IT WOULD BE BEST IF HE WENT WITH YOU, AFTER ALL. IT GROWS DIFFICULT TO CARE FOR HIM.



YOU MEAN
YOU'RE NOT
GOING TO
TRY TO
STOP ME?

IN ONE OF YOUR
HOSPITALS, HE WOULD
HAVE GOOD CARE,
GOOD FOOD... NO,
I WILL NOT STOP YOU.
GO, AND—I WISH
YOU WELL.



ALMOST, MARCH LAUGHED ALOUD!
THE SECRET WAS HIS! THE LOVE
OF A YOUNG MAN FOR HIS OLD
BROTHER HAD MADE IT EASY!
AND SO THE LONG JOURNEY
BEGAN...



AT FIRST, THE MILES WERE NO PROBLEM,
BUT THE OLD MAN MOVED SLOWLY
PAINFULLY...

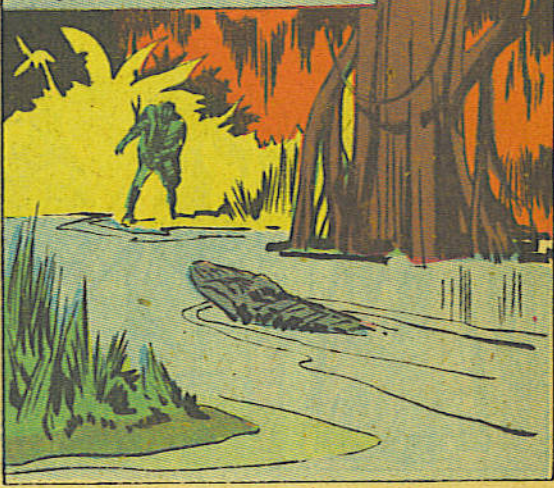
YOU'VE RESTED
EVERY MILE! WE'VE GOT
TO GO ON! WE'LL NEVER
MAKE IT AT THIS RATE! NEVER!



I'LL CARRY YOU IF I HAVE TO! I'M TOO
CLOSE TO WINNING TO SLOW DOWN NOW!

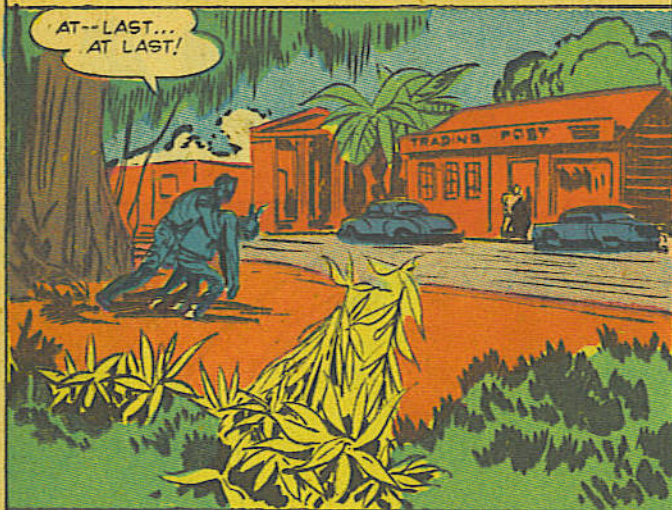


FOR A WHILE, MARCH'S DREAM GAVE HIM THE
STRENGTH OF A SUPERMAN, BUT HE WAS ONLY FLESH
AND BLOOD FOR ALL HIS DREAMS...



THERE WAS A TIME, AT LAST, WHEN ONLY WILL POWER DROVE MARCH ON, AND YET, SOMEHOW, THAT WAS ENOUGH...

AT--LAST...
AT LAST!



PETERS... THAT'S
PETERS... NO... IT
CAN'T BE...



IT COULDN'T BE PETERS WHOM MARCH HAD SEEN, BUT--
IT WAS, LATER...

SO--YOU MADE IT! BUT SO DID I!
I'VE GOT THE SECRET! YOU FOOL!
YOU SHOULD HAVE STUCK WITH
ME! NOW IT'S MINE!
ALL...

I MADE IT,
SOMEHOW,
MARCH, BUT--
YOU DIDN'T.



DIDN'T? YOU FOOL! I BROUGHT THE
OLD MAN OUT, DIDN'T I? ALL I HAVE
TO DO IS GET HIM TO A
HOSPITAL! FOR
TESTS...

WE'LL GET
HIM TO A
HOSPITAL. HE
NEEDS CARE.
BUT THAT WON'T
HELP YOU ANY.



CAN'T YOU FIGURE OUT WHY THE OLD MAN'S
BROTHER LET YOU TAKE HIM, MARCH? HE
WANTED THE OLD MAN TO HAVE CARE, TOO.

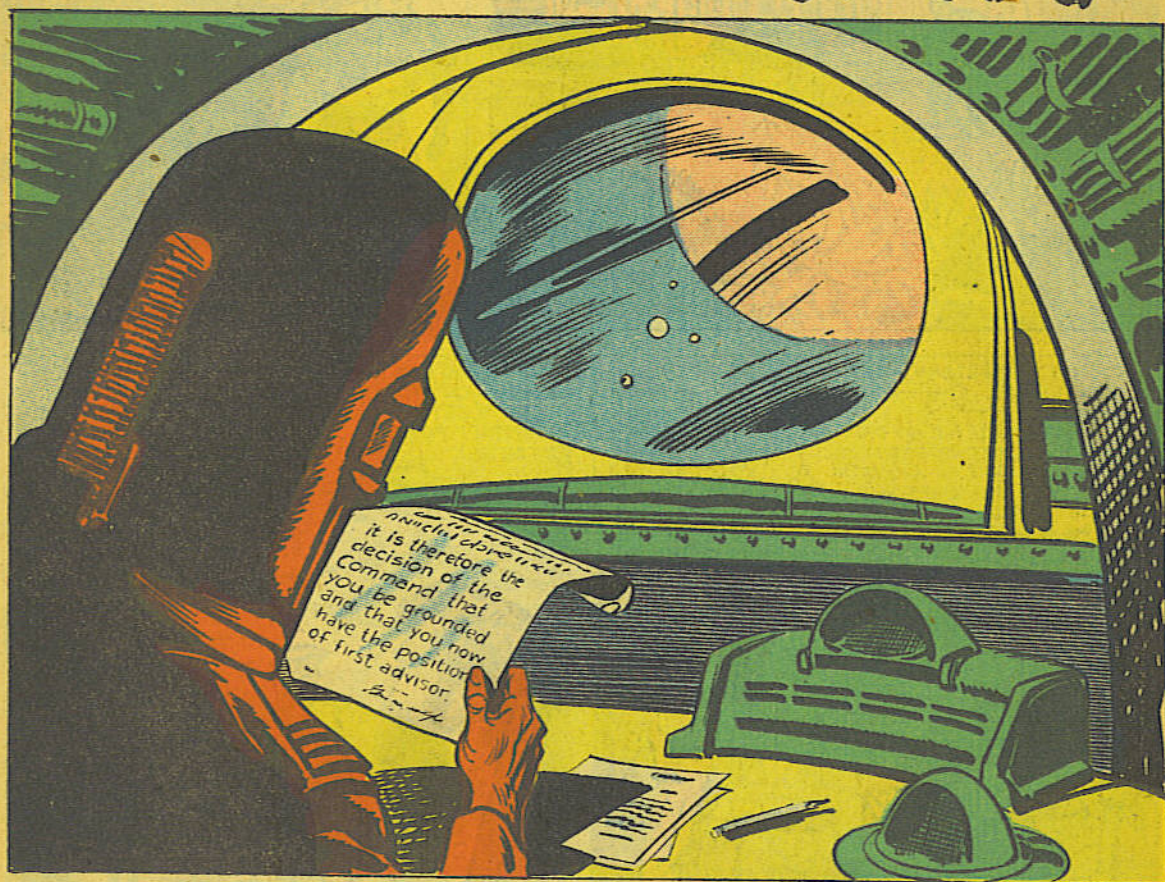


BUT--YOU LOSE. YOU SEE, THE OLD MAN HAD
NOTHING TO DO WITH THE SECRET. THE ONE
WHO KNOWS THE SECRET IS-- HIS BROTHER.



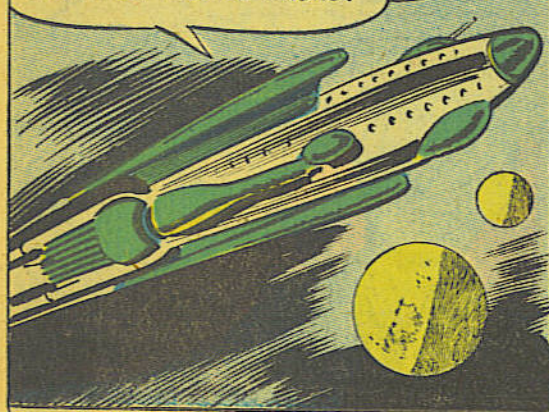
OUT HERE IN THE BLACK WELL OF INFINITY IS YOUR WORLD, JUST AS YOU FIRST DREAMED ABOUT IT LONG AGO. BUT NOW THE DREAM IS OVER. SPACE IS FOR THE YOUNG. AND YOU'RE...

The OLD MAN



AT FIRST, YOU DON'T WEEP. YOU RE-READ THE ORDER FOR THE HUNDRETH TIME AND THE TEARS ARE SCALDING BEHIND YOUR EYES. BUT, THE IRON OF DEFIANCE IS STILL IN YOU...

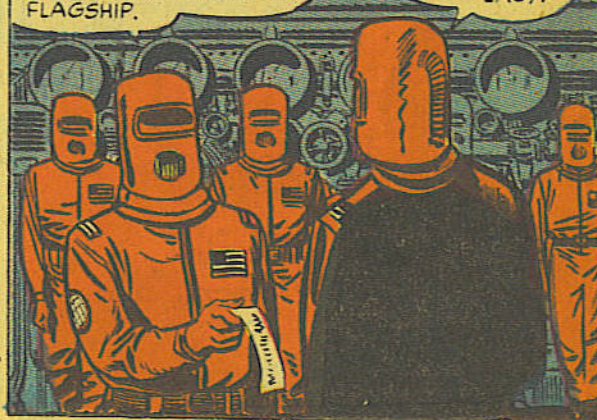
IT'S NOT TRUE! I'M NOT TOO OLD FOR SPACE! THEY'RE WRONG! I'LL **SHOW** THEM THAT THEY'RE WRONG!



THEN YOU GO TO THE CONTROL ROOM AND YOUR CREW SNAPS TO ATTENTION. THE WAY THEY ALWAYS DO WHEN "THE OLD MAN" APPEARS.

I WAS JUST ON MY WAY TO YOUR QUARTERS, SIR. THIS CAME IN SECONDS AGO, FROM THE FLAGSHIP.

THANK YOU, MISTER SHAW. STAND EASY.



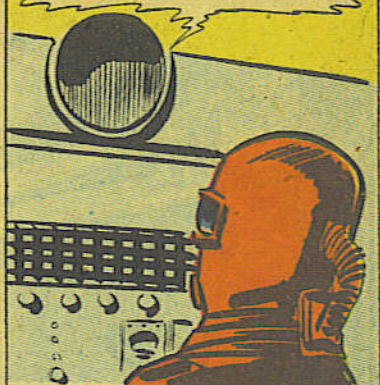
ANY ORDERS, SIR?

NONE. WE ARE MERELY TO MAINTAIN FORMATION.

MERELY—MAINTAIN FORMATION. THE WORDS ARE SO DRY... YOU SPEAK THEM SO CALMLY. AND YET IN YOUR MIND'S EYE, YOU CAN SEE THAT FORMATION. THE BEAUTY OF IT. THE DEADLY LOVELINESS...

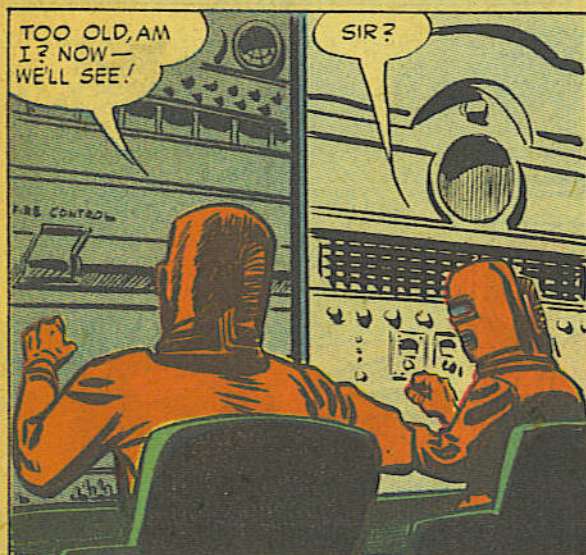
YOU'RE A PART OF ALL THAT. AND THEY SAY THAT YOU'RE TOO OLD! WELL—YOU'LL SHOW THEM...

RED ALERT! ALL SHIPS! ENEMY WITHIN RANGE! ALL COMMANDERS ATTACK!



TOO OLD, AM I? NOW—WE'LL SEE!

SIR?



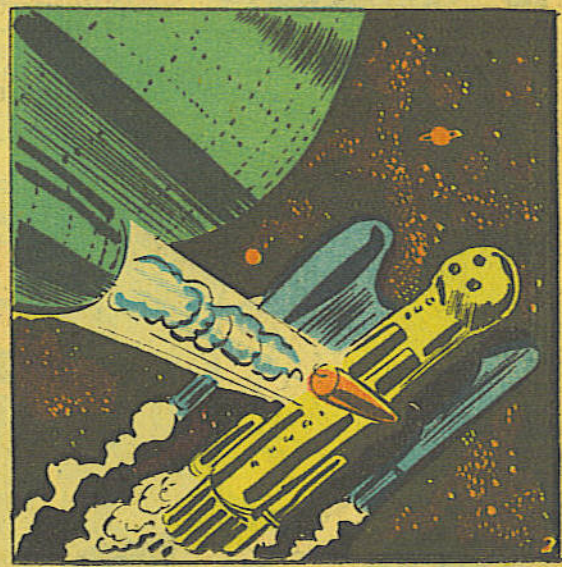
NEVER MIND! GET TO YOUR STATION. WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO.

COMING ON TARGET, SIR.

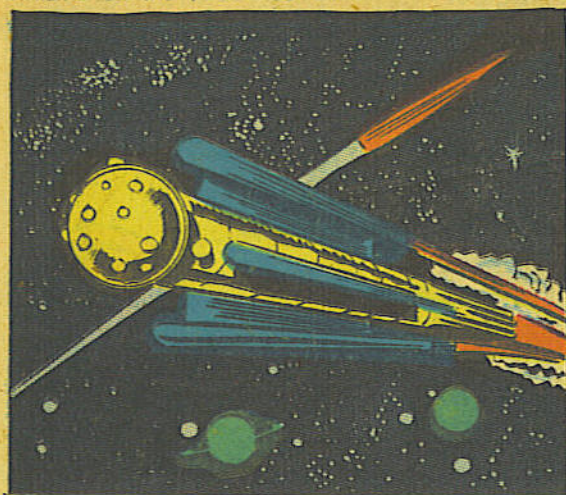


YES! NOW—YOU'LL SHOW THEM. INSTRUMENTS DO THE CHECKING, THE COMPUTING. BUT INSTRUMENTS CANNOT THINK. IN THE END, IT IS YOUR BRAIN WHICH MUST MAKE THE FINAL DECISION.

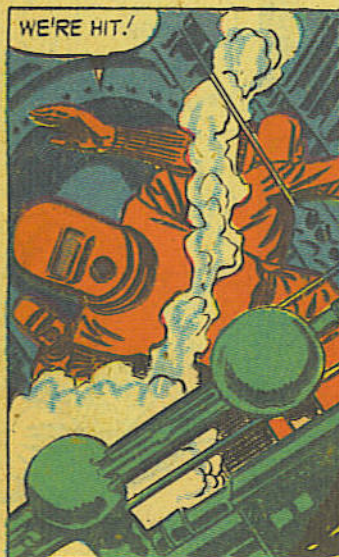
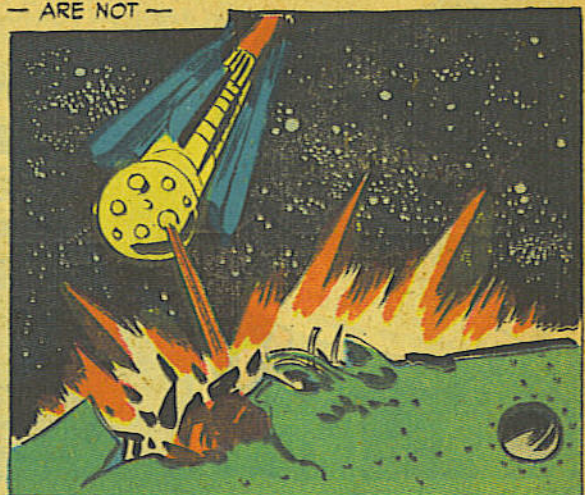
READY... NOW!



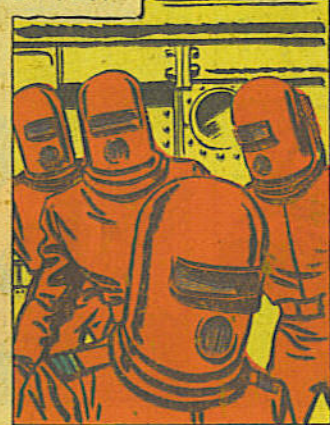
IN THE END YOU ARE THE DECIDING FACTOR. AND YOU'VE DONE THIS SO MANY TIMES. YOU WAIT, SMILING BEHIND YOUR HELMET BUT—THE SMILE DIES.



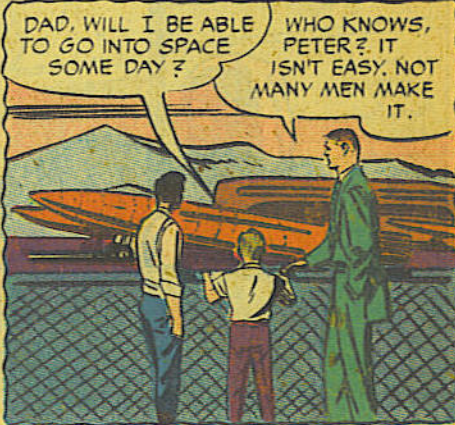
IT CAN'T HAPPEN, BUT IT DOES, YOU FIRE A HEART-BEAT TOO LATE. YOUR REFLEXES ARE A SPLIT SECOND TOO SLOW. BUT THE ENEMY COMMANDER'S — ARE NOT —



YOU'RE NOT BADLY DAMAGED. THE ENEMY HITS AND RUNS. BUT NOW—YOU KNOW, AND THE MEN KNOW TOO, THEY CAN NO LONGER—DEPEND ON YOU.



YOU SIT STIFFLY, AWAITING ORDERS FROM COMMAND. AND SOMEHOW YOU FIND YOURSELF THINKING BACK TO A DAY WHEN YOUR FATHER AND YOUR OLDER BROTHER TOOK YOU ON AN OUTING...



DAD, WILL I BE ABLE TO GO INTO SPACE SOME DAY?

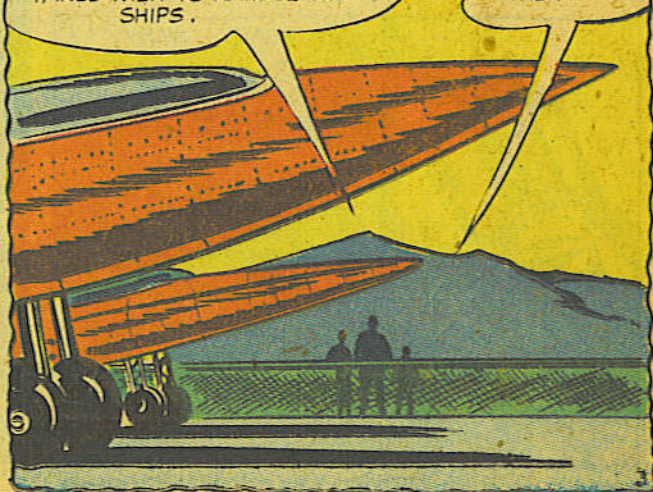
WHO KNOWS, PETER? IT ISN'T EASY. NOT MANY MEN MAKE IT.

THE ROCKETS ARE FAST. SO FAST THAT ONLY CERTAIN MEN CAN FLY THEM. YOU HAVE TO BE YOUNG—AND QUICK. SO QUICK THAT YOU CAN'T EVEN IMAGINE IT.



INSTRUMENTS DO MOST OF THE WORK, PETER, BUT IT STILL TAKES MEN TO HANDLE THE SHIPS.

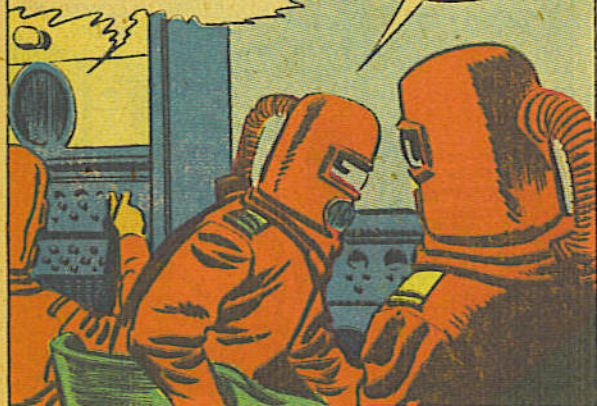
THEN I'LL BE—ONE OF THOSE MEN.



EVEN THEN YOU'D HAD THE DREAM. YOU WOULD BE ONE OF THOSE MEN. IT WAS JUST SOMETHING THAT HAD TO BE. AND NOW...

ENEMY HAS COMPLETED TURNING MANEUVER. AND IS RETURNING TO ATTACK.

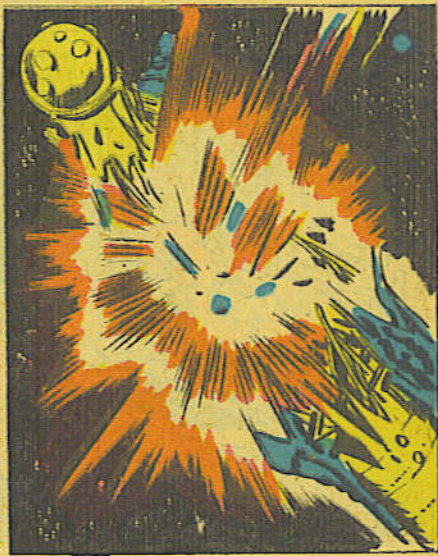
YOU—HAD BETTER TAKE OVER, MISTER SHAW.



COMING ON TARGET! THREE--TWO--ONE--



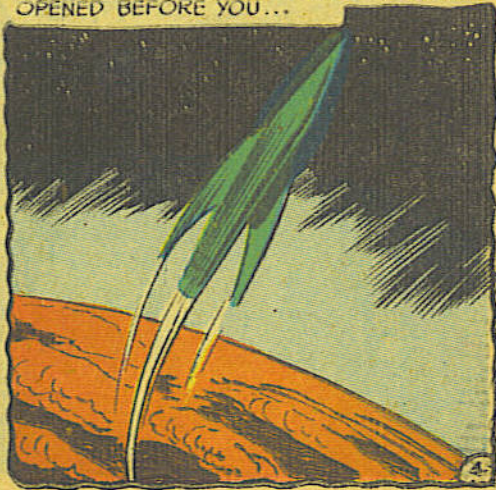
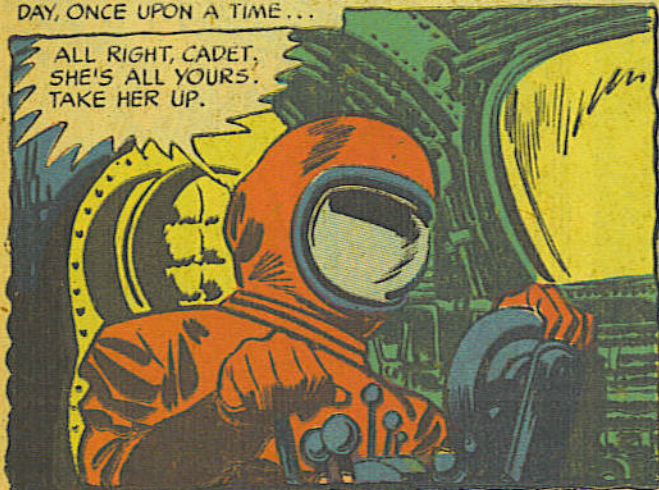
ZERO! TORPEDO AWAY!



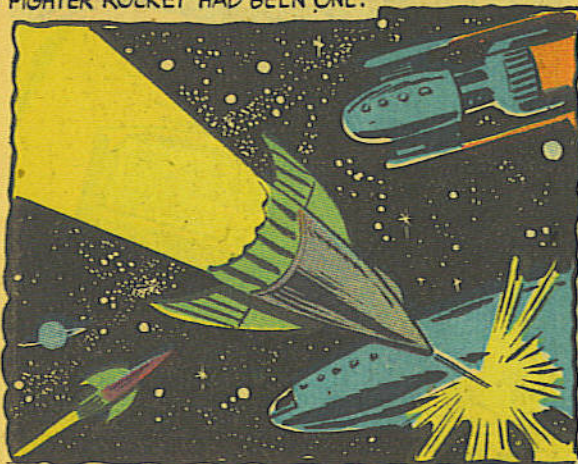
SO—IT ENDS. YOU LET SHAW TAKE OVER. BECAUSE YOU CAN SEE IT NOW. YOU **ARE** TOO OLD. YOU JUST STAND THERE. FEELING DRAINED. LIKE YOU FELT ON ANOTHER DAY, ONCE UPON A TIME...

AH, THE SWEETNESS OF THAT DAY. YOUR FIRST SOLO. YOU'D FELT DRAINED AND AFRAID. AND THEN—ALL SPACE HAD BEEN OPENED BEFORE YOU...

ALL RIGHT, CADET, SHE'S ALL YOURS. TAKE HER UP.



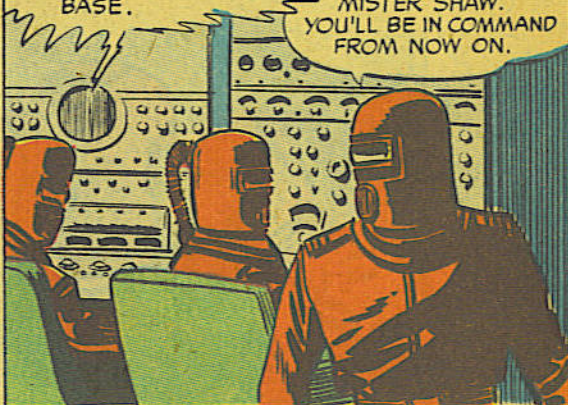
HOW YOU'D LAUGH, WITH THE SHEER JOY OF IT. WHEN YOU WENT INTO BATTLE A FEW MONTHS LATER—WHEN THE SHIPS FROM OUTER SPACE APPEARED AND ATTACKED EARTH—YOU AND YOUR FIGHTER ROCKET HAD BEEN ONE.



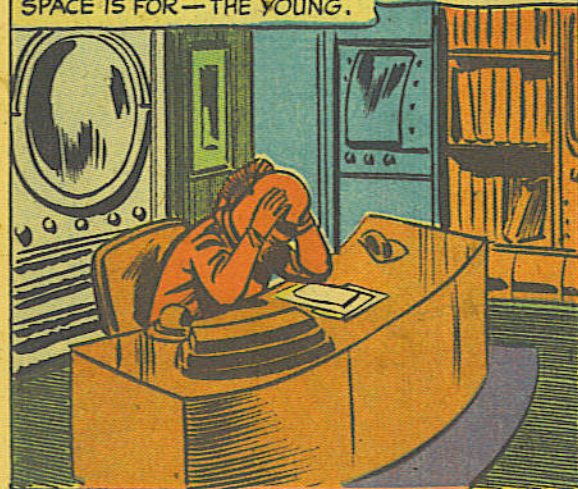
FIRST YOU'D BEEN A FIGHTER PILOT. THEN THEY'D GIVEN YOU COMMAND OF A DESTROYER. NOW YOU COMMAND A CRUISER, BUT TIME HAD ROBBED YOU.

ENEMY HAS BROKEN CONTACT AND WITHDRAWN. ALL SHIPS RETURN TO BASE.

I GUESS YOU MAY AS WELL—TAKE HER HOME, MISTER SHAW. YOU'LL BE IN COMMAND FROM NOW ON.

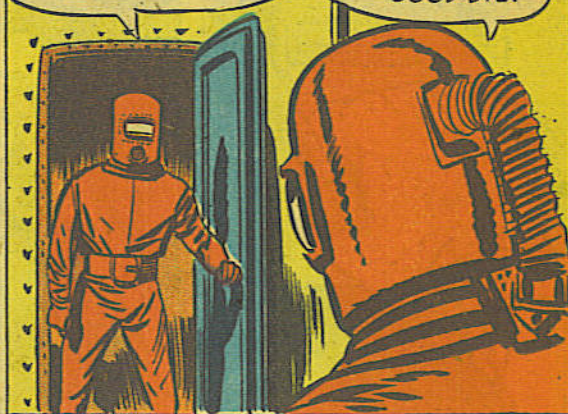


ONE DAY THE ENEMY WOULD BE DEFEATED. BUT YOUR PART WAS DONE. FOR YOU, IT WAS OVER. SPACE IS FOR—THE YOUNG.

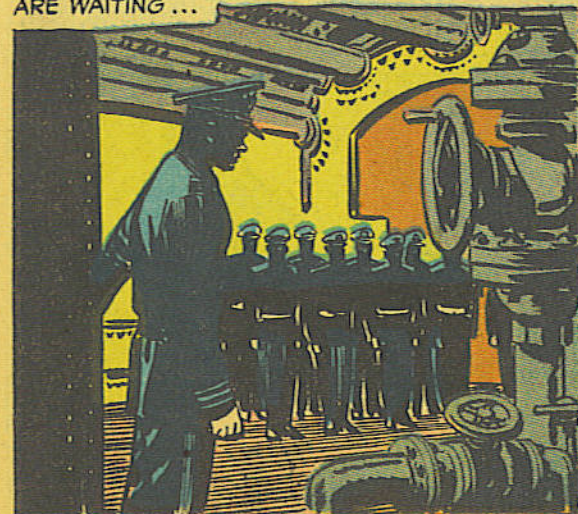


WE'RE READY FOR EARTH-FALL, SIR. THE SHIP IS DIRECTLY OVER THE ROCKET PORT. WILL YOU TAKE OVER NOW?

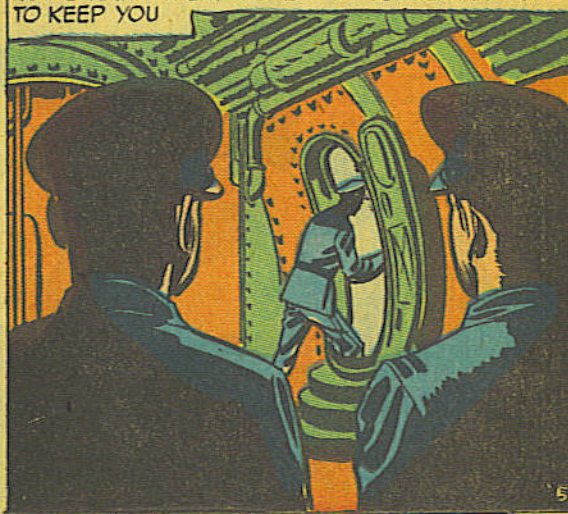
NO, JUST—HAVE THE MEN FALL IN WHEN WE SIT DOWN, MISTER SHAW. I'D LIKE TO SAY GOOD-BYE.

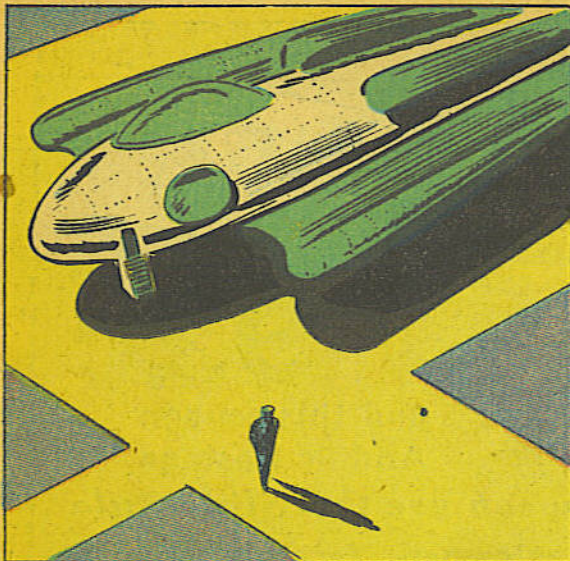


THIS IS THE MOST DIFFICULT PART. AFTERWARD, YOU REMOVE YOUR SPACE GEAR, AND THE MEN ARE WAITING ...

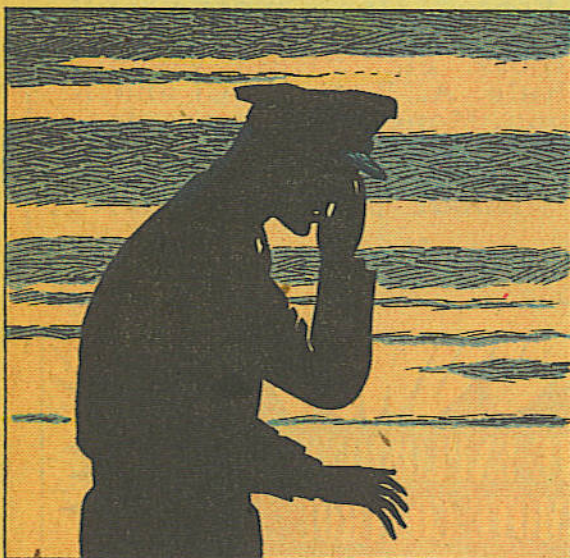
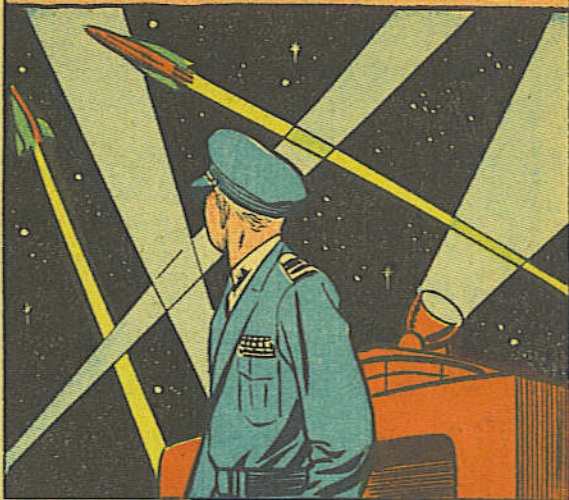


YOU SAY YOUR GOOD-BYES. YOU SHAKE EACH MAN'S HAND. THEN, THERE IS NO LONGER ANYTHING TO KEEP YOU

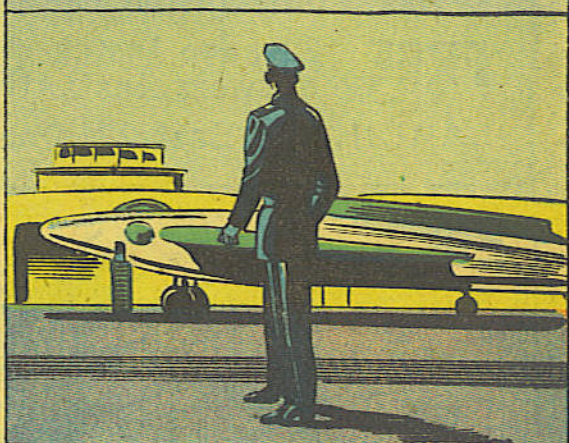




ALONE, YOU WALK ACROSS THE FIELD. AND YOU PAUSE ONLY ONCE. TO LOOK UP, YEARNINGLY...



ALMOST, YOU GIVE WAY TO YOUR EMOTIONS. BUT NOT YET. YOUR CREW CAN STILL SEE YOU FROM THE SHIP. SO YOU WALK ON. AND THEN, AT LAST, YOU TURN. FOR ONE LAST LOOK AT HER.



THAT'S WHEN YOU CRY, AT LAST. BECAUSE YOU'RE TOO OLD. AND THERE IS NO ONE TO SEE YOUR TEARS. THE TEARS WHICH STREAK YOUR ANGUISHED, SIXTEEN YEAR OLD FACE...



THE
END

THERE WAS SOMETHING UNCANNY AND AWESOME ABOUT THIS PLACE WHERE NO WHITE MAN HAD EVER SET FOOT. BUT EVEN MORE UNCANNY WAS THE ANSWER TO THE RIDDLE OF THE...

VALLEY of the GIANTS



ALMOST FROM THE FIRST YOU FEEL IT... A SENSE OF FOREBODING, OF FEAR! BUT AT FIRST, THE OTHERS LAUGH AT YOU...

GO BACK?
MOORE
YOU'RE
JOKING!

KENYON IS RIGHT!
WE'VE COME HUNDREDS
OF MILES THROUGH THE
JUNGLE TO FIND THIS
VALLEY. WE CAN'T TURN
BACK NOW!



LOOK AT IT! WE'RE THE FIRST
EXPEDITION TO REACH IT! IF THE TALES
ARE TRUE, IF THERE IS A LOST RACE OF
GIANTS DOWN THERE, WE'LL BE
FAMOUS!

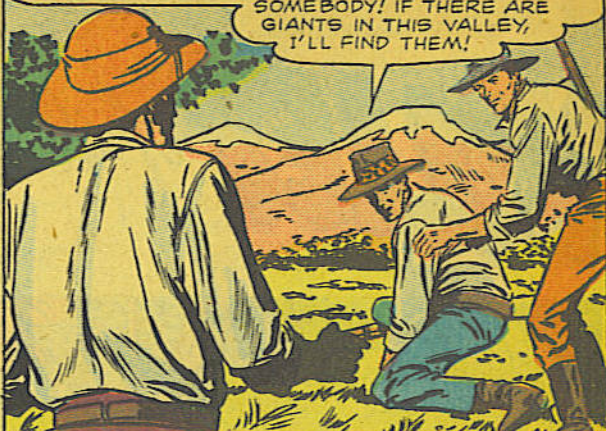


AND I STILL SAY WE SHOULD TURN BACK! I CAN'T EXPLAIN IT, BUT...THERE'S NO PROOF THE STORIES ARE TRUE...

OF COURSE NOT! IT'S UP TO US TO FIND THE PROOF! I'VE WAITED TOO LONG FOR THIS CHANCE! I'M NOT GIVING UP!



YOU CAN TURN BACK IF YOU LIKE, I'M GOING ON! THIS IS MY BIG OPPORTUNITY...A CHANCE TO BE SOMEBODY! IF THERE ARE GIANTS IN THIS VALLEY, I'LL FIND THEM!



KENYON BURNS WITH AMBITION! HE AND TRACY GO ON, SO...WHAT CAN YOU DO, IN SPITE OF YOUR INSTINCTIVE FEAR?



THE JUNGLE HERE IS LIKE A TOMB, YOU TREMBLE, AND DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT YOU GO ON...



THIS IS ANOTHER WORLD, A WORLD OF HEAT, AND SILENCE. THE HOURS ARE A TORMENT. THEN, SOME INSTINCT MAKES YOU LOOK UP...

KENYON!
TRACY!
LOOK!

WHAT IS IT? IT LOOKS LIKE A HUGE WEB...



IT'S
DROPPING
TOWARD
US! RUN!
RUN...





THIS IS A NIGHTMARE! IT MUST BE! YOU STRUGGLE... BUT THE STRUGGLE IS HOPELESS. AT LAST, YOU LIE STILL, ENMESHED...

KENYON! LIE STILL! YOU'LL ONLY WASTE YOUR STRENGTH. THIS NET IS MADE OF SOME FIBRE... IT'S AS STRONG AS STEEL WIRE.

NET? I-I THOUGHT IT WAS SOME SORT OF INSECT WEB. IF IT'S A NET... THEN, WE'RE ALL RIGHT!



IF IT'S A NET, IT WAS MADE BY HUMANS! WE MUST HAVE BEEN CAUGHT BY MISTAKE!

THERE'S BEEN NO MISTAKE! THE NET HAD TO BE DROPPED! WHOEVER DROPPED IT SAW US CLEARLY! PERHAPS MEN DID DROP IT, BUT-WHAT KIND OF MEN?



WHAT... KIND? YOU MEAN... THE GIANTS?

I DON'T KNOW! BUT WE'RE HELPLESS. ALL WE CAN DO IS WAIT. WE'LL FIND OUT-- SOON ENOUGH!



THAT SOBERS KENYON. HE LIES STILL. YOU WAIT. BUT NOTHING HAPPENS...

WHY DON'T THEY COME? WHY... WHY??



BUT YOU HAVE NO ANSWER TO THAT. THE JUNGLE NIGHT CLOSES IN. AND THEN THERE ARE SHADOWS THAT MOVE IN THE IMPENETRABLE BLACKNESS...

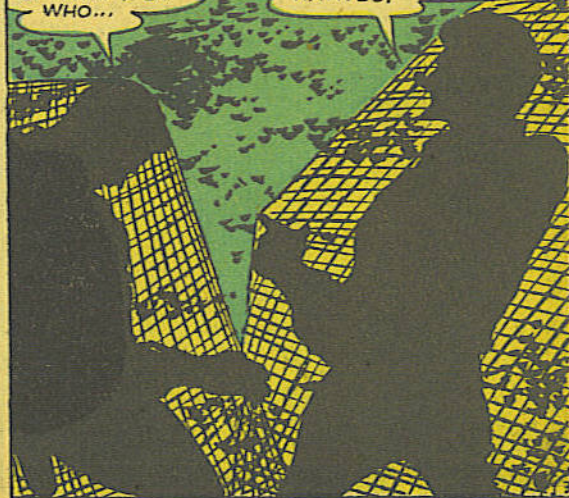
MOORE! THERE'S SOMEONE HERE! I HEAR THEM! BUT IT'S SO DARK! I CAN'T SEE...

IF THEY'RE NATIVES, THAT EXPLAINS WHY THEY WAITED UNTIL NIGHT! SO WE COULDN'T SEE THEM AND PUT A SPELL ON THEM! THEY MUST FEAR US!



WE'RE BEING PICKED UP! BUT... BY WHAT? BY WHO...

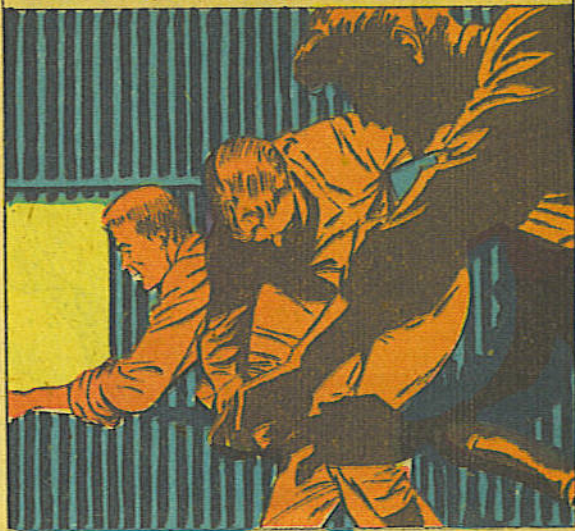
BE QUIET! I WAS RIGHT! I CAUGHT A FEW WORDS. THEY'RE NATIVES!



YOU STRAIN TO HEAR. BUT THERE ARE NO MORE WORDS. THERE IS ONLY THE WEIRD SENSATION OF BEING CARRIED THROUGH BLACKNESS...

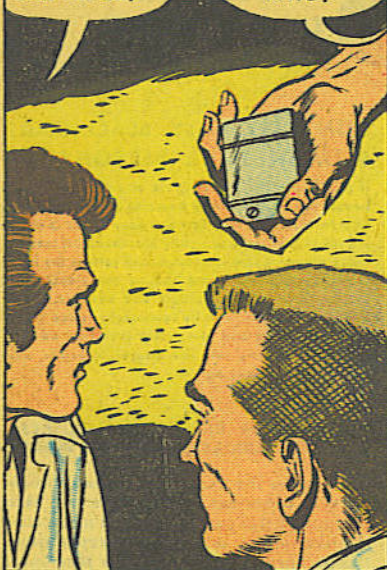


YOU TRY TO SEE...AND YOU ARE HUSTLED THROUGH THE DARKNESS WITH YOUR COMPANIONS...



WITHOUT WEAPONS?
THEY'D CUT US
DOWN! WE DON'T
EVEN HAVE
ONE RIFLE!

MAYBE
WE'VE GOT
SOMETHING
BETTER...
THIS!



QUICKLY
YOU
EXPLAIN
THEN YOU
GO TO
WORK, THE
STRAW
ROOF OF
THE HUT
FURNISHES
MATERIAL
FOR A
TORCH...

NOW REMEMBER! THE FIRE
WILL CONFUSE THEM!
AS SOON AS I THROW
THIS... RUN! AND KEEP
RUNNING!



WHY SHOULD THE NATIVES WANT
TO KILL YOU? YOU DON'T KNOW...
AND YOU DON'T LOOK BACK. YOU
RUN, UNTIL YOU CAN RUN NO
FARTHER...

IT'S...
NO
USE!
I'VE
GOT
TO
REST!

WE CAN'T REST!
THEY'LL BE COMING
AFTER US, WE'VE
GOT TO GET OUT OF
THE VALLEY...



EXCEPT... THAT WE DON'T
KNOW THE WAY OUT! WE'RE
LOST!



YOU'RE LOST, AND IN THE
MORNING YOU'LL BE HUNTED
DOWN. BUT EVEN THEN, THAT
ISN'T WHAT HURTS KENYON THE
MOST...

IT'S NOT FAIR!
IF WE COULD
FIND THE
GIANTS...

FORGET THE
GIANTS! OUR
LIVES ARE AT
STAKE... WE'VE
GOT TO KEEP
GOING!





NO! I'M NOT GIVING UP MY CHANCE! I'M GOING TO FIND THE GIANTS!

YOU'RE HYSTERICAL! YOU FOOL! YOU CAN'T...



I CAN! I...



HE'S OUT OF HIS HEAD WITH GREED! BUT HE'S GIVEN ME ANOTHER IDEA! STAY WITH HIM! I'LL BE BACK!

THERE IS NO TIME TO EXPLAIN. YOU HEAD BACK ALONG THE TRAIL, TREMBLING IN EVERY NERVE, BUT IT MUST BE DONE...



ONLY ONE CHANCE IS LEFT! YOU WAIT, AND AT LAST A NATIVE APPEARS! YOU SEE HIM... AND YOU GASP! BUT THERE IS NO TIME FOR WONDERING...



ALMOST, YOU LAUGH HYSTERICALLY, BUT YOU TRY TO CONTROL THAT. YOU HEAD BACK WITH YOUR PRISONER, AND TRACY GAPES, TOO...

THAT NATIVE... HE'S... HE'S... SO THAT'S THE ANSWER!

YES! HE'LL GUIDE US OUT OF THE VALLEY! HE THINKS I'LL KILL HIM IF HE REFUSES.



GET KENYON ON HIS FEET! WE'VE GOT TO BE OUT BY DAYLIGHT!

BUT...KENYON CAN'T TRAVEL! HE'S UNCONSCIOUS. WHEN YOU HIT HIM, HE STRUCK HIS HEAD ON A STONE!

BUT YOU HAVE AN ANSWER TO THAT...



YOU CARRY KENYON, AND TRACY PRODS YOUR UNWILLING GUIDE. AND AT LAST...



MY HEAD...I...MOORE! TRACY! WE'RE OUT OF THE VALLEY! HOW...



YOU FOOLS! WE'VE GOT TO GO BACK! I WON'T BE ROBBED OF MY BIG CHANCE! I WON'T! I'D RATHER BE DEAD THAN A FAILURE!



KENYON RAVES. THEN...HIS EYES FALL UPON YOUR PRISONER...

WHO-- WHO'S THAT? WHO...

I FORCED HIM TO LEAD US OUT. NOW DO YOU UNDERSTAND, KENYON?

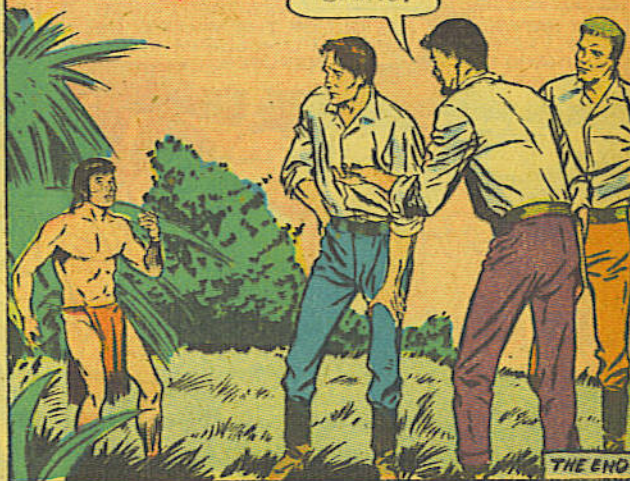


BUT KENYON SHAKES HIS HEAD. SO YOU EXPLAIN WITH GRIM IRONY...

THE NATIVES IN THE VALLEY NEVER SAW A WHITE MAN, OR ANY OTHER MAN. BUT THEY KNEW THERE WERE MEN OUTSIDE. STRANGE MEN, THAT WAS HOW THE LEGENDS BEGAN, ABOUT GIANTS.



THE NATIVES--ARE PYGMIES, KENYON. DON'T YOU SEE HOW WE WOULD APPEAR--TO THEM? WE DON'T HAVE TO FIND THE GIANTS...WE ARE THE GIANTS!



THE END